



WEDDING GUESTS RECEIVED TRACTS IN FABIAN SOCIALISM INSTEAD OF WEDDING CAKE. TOOK EVERYTHING REGARDING GERMS AND DIET WITH TERRIBLE SERIOUSNESS. BOILED OUT THE BABY'S BOTTLE WITH CARBONATE OF SODA. WORRY SENT HER INTO FITS OF MELANCHOLIA. THREATENED SUICIDE BECAUSE SHE FAILED AS A SCIENTIFIC BABY RAISER.

Why "THE TRAGEDY BEAUTIFUL" Took Place

Not Accidental, but Suicidal, Said Grandson of Poet Longfellow, of Drowning of His Frail, Little English Wife.

THE tragedy beautiful" is the phrase applied by Edmund Trowbridge Dana, sturdy grandson of the great poet, Longfellow, to the strange and voluntary death of his ethical bride, Jessie Holliday, the pretty little English painter and socialist who drowned herself recently in the waters off Nantucket because she felt she had made a failure of her effort to bring up her year-old son in a "free-thinking" and scientific manner.

Like some weird story from the gloomy pen of a Russian novelist, or like a tale from the lives of the stoics of ancient Greece, is the strange love affair, the strange marriage and honeymoon and the tragic death of the frail little Englishwoman. The lives of these two people, the bravery with which the wife went to her death, the stoical calm, almost indifference, with which the husband identified the body, proclaimed that her death was not accidental, but intentional, and then without a single customary funeral rite or ceremony, buried the little woman in a plain pine coffin in a bleak cemetery—all these things are far beyond the understanding and appreciation of the workaday New Englander. It all strikes these people with especial force, for the Dana family is one of the oldest and most prominent of New England families.

To the hero of this strange romance of love and ideals, the tragic ending is a beautiful one. That she was as magnificent in her tragic ending as she was as a socialist and advanced thinker in the ideal life she both strove to lead, is his tearless tribute to her. They are these ideals, their "intellectual" life and love, the belief of both in suicide, and finally the dismal burial of the "little socialist," as they called her, that the simple New Englanders cannot understand.

No mourners save her husband—outwardly unperturbed—went with the body on its last lonely journey. No service, no word was spoken over it. And when the last clod of earth struck upon the coffin all that there was to tell the story were these words scribbled upon a tiny piece of broken slate by the husband:

J. H. D. '84-'15.
JESSIE HOLLIDAY DANA.
Little Comrade.

Dana, the husband, placed the rude stone there, scribbled the words. Then he gathered wild flowers and strewn them over the fresh mound, placed a rough heath stone at its foot, a red geranium at its head. Jessie Holliday Dana was at rest.

Dana took full charge of the burial. He called the undertaker, waved aside the offer of a hearse, preferring an ordinary wagon, had the body placed in a plain pine box, and himself, with only the undertaker and an assistant, trundled it off to the little cemetery. Mrs. Dana would not have wished any ceremony or elaborate funeral, he said. She received none.

The Dana family, who had become much attached to the "little socialist," offered a family lot in Mt. Auburn cemetery, but it was refused by the husband. When the ultimate resting place of the fair young English girl is considered, people in Nantucket shake their heads and recall the circumstances of her death.

They recall that Mrs. Dana left her house at 7 o'clock in the morning for the harbor, where she drowned herself. They recall that her husband made no inquiry for her—did not appear to note her absence or seem alarmed. They remember that when word of her death was brought to him at noon he received it with perfect composure, even though he admitted that Mrs. Dana had been suffering for months with nervous prostration and that she threatened to kill herself.

Now, as they still shake their heads and recall these facts, they believe that Dana knew that his wife was going to kill herself and that it was part of their strange faith that he made no effort to thwart her. They even shake their heads and say that perhaps the burial had been planned.

And true enough it is that that little seagirt, storm-tossed community never witnessed a stranger burial. It is doubtful if American history records one so strange. It was almost sinister.

When the husband went to identify the body no tears filled his eyes; not a quiver shook his frame. Calm, cool, imperturbable, he gazed upon it and readily agreed with the medical examiner that the drowning was suicidal.

After the authorities were through with the body he took it, but still he remained imperturbable. Offers by the local clergy to officiate at the funeral service were refused. The husband would do all, he said. Like a man of stone Dana stood and watched the undertaker and his assistant lift the little form and place it in the coffin. Like a man of stone he stood by as the cover was put on and nailed down. He helped the two men lift it on their shoulders and carry it outside to the waiting wagon.

A crowd of curious, silent, respectful people stood about, but Dana never noticed them. Still the man of stone, he clambered laboriously to the seat beside the undertaker and nodded a curt order for the wagon to start. Two horses pulled hard for a moment, four wheels creaked on their ill-oiled axles, crunched ominously as they sank deep in the sandy road, and the journey to the cemetery was begun.

At the cemetery Dana stood to one side as the rude grave was prepared. Again he helped the undertaker and his assistant lift the pine box. Even while it was lowered into the grave he remained imperturbable and watched without a tear as spade after spade of earth was thrown over it. When the last spadeful was thrown on it was then that he scribbled the inscription on the piece of slate.

This done, he walked into a field near the burial ground where wild flowers grew in profusion. He gathered an armful, returned and scattered them about until they covered the fresh mound. Then he placed a large rough stone at the foot and a red geranium at the top and turned away.

Wedding Service Used at the Danas' Marriage

Performed June 15, 1912, in garden of Craigie House, Cambridge, before fifteen guests, at the noon hour, before Justice of the Peace Edmund M. Parker, as civil officiator:

Magistrate—We are here to witness the contract of marriage between Edmund Trowbridge Dana and Jessie Holliday. If anybody present knows any reason why these persons cannot lawfully be united in marriage let him now declare it. (Pause.) Edmund Trowbridge Dana and Jessie Holliday, I require of you both that if either of you know any impediment to your being lawfully married you do now declare it. (Pause.) Edmund Trowbridge Dana, do you wish to marry this woman?

E. T. D.—Yes.
Magistrate—Jessie Holliday, do you wish to marry this man? J. H.—Yes.

Magistrate—Edmund Trowbridge Dana and Jessie Holliday, do you intend to help and to consider each other, and do you intend to bring up any children you may have to the best of your ability and for the welfare of the Human Race?

Both—We do.

Magistrate—Will you then express your minds to each other? E. T. D. (taking her hand)—I, Edmund Trowbridge Dana, take you, Jessie Holliday, as my lawful wife, and promise faithfully to fulfill towards you all the obligations arising from the married state; and I hope so to live that you may never regret your choice; as a symbol thereof I give you this ring (placing a double ringed gold band on the third finger of her left hand).

J. H. (taking his hand)—I, Jessie Holliday, take you Edmund Trowbridge Dana, as my lawful husband, and promise faithfully to fulfill towards you all the obligations arising from the married state; and I hope to be a true comrade and your helpmate; as a symbol thereof I give you this ring (placing heavily chased antique silver ring on the third finger of his left hand).

Magistrate—Since Jessie Holliday and Edmund Trowbridge Dana have made the contract of marriage before me and these witnesses, I now therefore, by virtue of the authority invested in me by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, pronounce them husband and wife.

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So ended the romance of Mrs. Dana. Her whole life was one of romance, a romance cold and drab. She was the daughter of Henry Holliday, of Harrow, England, who is a wealthy mine owner. She received every educational advantage wealth could give. When still in her teens she became interested in socialism. Earnest, keen, possessed of remarkable intellect, she soon became widely known among the more prominent Socialists in London. Such men as George Bernard Shaw she numbered as her friends.

She was filled with ambition. She was possessed with the hope that she might become the leader of a newer religion than even the most radical members of the Fabian society dreamed of. She hoped she might maintain a salon that would be the center of the whole intellectual world—the meeting place of real free thinkers.

When such dreams filled her life she chanced to meet Edmund Trowbridge Dana. He was just out of Harvard college and was a degree of doctor of philosophy. He had gone abroad to study socialism in London and met Miss Holliday there. Both were radicals, intellectuals, with every interest in common. They felt they lived in a rarified atmosphere of thought. They hoped to be utterly indifferent to common opinion and sought the ideal life.

Dana returned to Cambridge and shortly after Miss Holliday came. She was noted as an artist and the news that they were to marry attracted much attention. The attention was increased when it became known that they were to be married "scientifically" and with a service the

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HEADSTONE PLACED ON THE GRAVE OF JESSIE HOLLIDAY DANA BY HER HUSBAND.

bride herself had written. Each of the guests instead of receiving wedding cake received tracts of Fabian socialism.

They remained in Cambridge for a week after their marriage and then went to Chicago, where they fasted. It was the strangest honeymoon America had seen. The bride fasted for thirty-two days; the groom a few less. Physicians have said that it was the long fast which weakened her physically and nervously. She said it was necessary to purge herself of all the salted nuts, candies, ice creams and other table luxuries she had eaten.

When after the fast was broken no flesh food touched the lips of either. For years they had been more than vegetarians and now they even went a step beyond, hardly ever eating vegetables but subsisting entirely upon fruits.

When the fasting honeymoon was over they separated. He returned to Cambridge and she to England. There was much gossip about an estrangement, but both vigorously denied that their ethical marriage and honeymoon had developed any rifts.

Soon after his wife's departure Dana dropped completely from sight. No one seemed to know what had become of him, but he suddenly bobbed up one day as a conductor on a Boston street car. He considered it a good week when he earned as much as \$12. His father was one of the wealthiest residents of Cambridge.

Dana protested that in no other way except by actual work could he really delve into the problems which he wished to solve. Regardless of the comments of friends he continued in his post and kept a diary which was later published by a newspaper when Dana gave up his street car job and sought experience as a reporter. He worked at many occupations in turn. In the meantime his wife had returned from England and they both lived in a house adjoining the Dana estate.

It was at this time that persons intimately acquainted with them began to see the first symptoms of the nervous disorder which eventually was to lead her to take her life. She was frail and ever since the birth of her baby she had not been herself. She took everything regarding germs and diet with terrible seriousness. The scientific bringing up of her baby worried her greatly.

She had everything planned out to a scientific nicety. When after boiling out the baby's bottles the carbonate of soda left a little white sediment on the side it was a very serious matter for her. When she would rub the nipples with a boiled brush and a hair came out she would make it a big matter. The worry sent her into fits of melancholia. She was too weak physically and too temperamental to make a good mother.

It seems that Mrs. Dana had often threatened suicide because she thought she had been a failure as a scientific baby raiser and that she was a burden to her husband. It seems, too, that there was no particular effort made to save her from it.

"She thought it was her duty stoically to kill herself," said the husband in an astounding statement he gave the newspapers after her death. "Her artistic sense made her feel that a thing ought to be perfect or not at all. Feeling that her life as a mother, the most important thing in the world, had not been perfect, she was absolutely heartbroken and felt the only proper thing to do was to commit suicide. Personally I have no doubt that the motive of her suicide was partly to get rid of the mental anguish and partly to cease being a drag on those she loved."

"She was constantly talking of her failures with her own life and her inability to bring up her baby properly. Her ideals had always been beyond her power, and now I believe she was firmly convinced that she never would get well and believing that took her own life, which, under the circumstances, was a beautiful thing, don't you think so?"

The child was born last July. Shaw

Dana it was named, after George Bernard Shaw. Instead of having him christened or baptized, she dedicated her son to mankind. Neither she nor her husband accepted the Christian religion and instead of using "the Father, Son and Holy Ghost" in the dedication, they dedicated him in "the name of the true, the right and the beautiful, to the service of mankind." An important part of the ceremony read:

"May the spirit of Confucius, Gautama and Christ, of Pythagoras, Voltaire and Rodin, of Newton, Darwin and Edison, of Socrates, Comte and Nietzsche, of Beethoven, Wagner and Richard Strauss, of Isaiah, Bunyan and Tolstol, of Lincoln, Emmeline Pankhurst and of your namesake Shaw, strengthen and guide you in the search for truth, in the pursuit of beauty, and in the path of righteousness."

"People have criticized us on the ground that we are not going to teach

him religion, about 'the God that everyone knows,'" she said. "We are going to teach him all the various manifestations of the one God, including the teachings of Jesus Christ, shorn of creed and dogma."

"I believe, with George Bernard Shaw, that parents should never force the confidence of their children. We shall treat Shaw as we would treat President Wilson himself. Now we would never tell the President that he must go to bed. We believe that a child brought up to receive courtesy will respond with the same courtesy; and if a child so brought up, and thoroughly healthy, does not want to go to bed, we believe it means he does not need to."

"The child must learn to live in society without wasting other people's time. I will always answer his questions, but we will make a set of rules, he and I together, just as nations come to the international agreements. For instance he will make a rule for the way I have to act in the nursery, which will be his own part of the house. His father will make the rule for how Shaw will act in the library, and I will make rules for the dining-room."

And it is one of the sad ironies of the whole affair that the child whose mother so worried over his scientific bringing up, over his physical, moral, ethical and social well-being that she first brought illness upon herself and finally took her own life, is growing up into a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked boy without the care his mother gave him and without a glimmering of the tragedy he caused. A year old this month he is living at the Dana home in Cambridge. He is receiving all the care that the normal, ordinary baby has—no more and no less—and he is thriving under it. And as the wise old housewives of Cambridge, who know nothing of scientific upbringing of children, see him: playing happily about their faces take on many puzzling expressions.

MRS. DANA'S RULES FOR THE IDEAL MAN

Must not smoke or drink.
Must be Socialist and suffragist.
Must be willing to have children.
Must be fruitarian and athletic.
Must wear simple clothes and eat little.

How Swiss Mobilize Army; Plan America May Adopt

WHEN the United States decides to reorganize its army and to place it on a footing whereby it can be quickly made as large as the army of any nation in the world it will not be England, France, Russia, or even Germany which will be called upon to furnish the plan, but the tiny little republic of Switzerland.

The speeches that Secretary of War Garrison has been making recently in favor of taking the United States out of its isolation and of arming the country in such a manner that it will be prepared for any war have set the experts scurrying about to find a suitable plan for reorganization. They have all practically agreed that the Swiss plan is the best.

Switzerland with a population 3,000,000 smaller than that of Massachusetts and an area not a great deal larger than that state, can mobilize 250,000 trained and well equipped soldiers within twenty-four hours. Behind this is a partly trained force of reserves of about the same size, making 500,000 men.

This formidable army is born and bred and made ready without militarism. Under the same system the United States could be ready for any emergency with an army of 1,000,000 with as many in reserve without a suggestion of militarism.

Switzerland prepares the individual and encourages rifle practice. The system is based on the principle that men are mil-

itary service to their country the same as they do taxes.

The active army age begins at twenty and ends at thirty-two. After thirty-two the soldier passes to the landwehr. Between forty and forty-eight he belongs to the landsturm. The length of time for the school for recruits is as follows:

Infantry, sixty-five days; cavalry, ninety days; artillery, seventy-five days; foot artillery (fortifications), seventy-five days; engineers, sixty-five days; sanitary troops (hospital service), sixty days; commissaries, sixty days.

After this training the men go home, each carrying his gun and equipment, until his final term of service expires, at the age of fifty years.

The Swiss schools, from the beginning, train in gymnastics, tactics and in rifle shooting after the fashion of the Boy Scouts of America today.

Colonel W. C. Sanger of the National Guard of New York commends the Swiss system as proof that a nation can train all its citizens for defense and yet escape militarism. He calls the Swiss forces the most effective militia in the world.

He describes a Swiss battalion which effected complete and perfect mobilization between 8 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, just six hours.

There seems to be no doubt among military experts that the Swiss system of service and training will be the most likely to be adopted in our country.

Mrs. Dana's Views on Marriage and Morality

"The limits of freedom allowed to a married pair are narrow and stifling."

"Some people seem to think that after the wedding day the married man or woman must associate only with his or her co-victim."

"Only co-education and constant companionship of the two sexes from earliest infancy right through life will do away with this old bogey."

"Such co-education must be supplemented by intelligent instruction in sex hygiene."

"Ignorance of sex hygiene is at the root of sex immorality."

"The 'social evil' has been fostered more by prudery than by anything else."

"The almighty dollar may be America's most powerful god, but obsequious convention is at his right hand and is worshiped quite as much by a certain sect of Christians."

"To leave your newly-wed husband or wife unwillingly (however wisely) may be very improper and most suspicious; but to leave him or her because you really want to (and ought to) is the alms of immorality—according to the gospel of convention."